William Barclay, who recently died in Glasgow, was one of the most appreciated of all Bible expositors. *The Daily Bible Study* covers the entire New Testament in 17 volumes. Ouida and I are reading these through together, a few pages at a time, book by book, and find them informative and incouraging. They are only 3.75 each in limp cover, including postage. They are recently revised and in easy-to-read print and style. We suggest you try one, say *Luke* or *Hebrews,* and then you'll almost certainly want them all eventually.

For your Restoration library you should remember Isaac Erret's 3-volume set of *Evenings With the Bible* for only 13.00; *The Fool of God,* which is the thrilling story of Alexander Campbell, for 3.80; the 2-vol. set of *Millennial Harbinger* for 12.95.

You can order a resourceful little volume on *Help! I'm Dying,* which has been favorably reviewed by the funeral people themselves, for 3.00 from Ron Kelley, Rt. 7, Box 330, Paducah, KY 42001.

READERS EXCHANGE

I appreciate what you are doing and that you continue to send me my issues over here, even though the postage must be higher. In view of brother Meyers' article in the December issue, I won't say I don't always agree with you. In fact, almost always I *do* agree with you. There, I did it the other way around! Keep up the good work! —*Walt Provost, Chiangmai, Thailand*

I grew up in East Tennessee where the lines between the three groups were tightly drawn. It was when Carl Ketcherside came to Johnson Bible College that I realized how sectarian I was. Praise the Lord that I left my sectarianism! I've come a long way, Baby! I got weary of the Restoration and felt it was done for. I've never taught much about our heritage because I was afraid the people would become sectarian like those Restoration churches around us. But I really saw our principles at work in the Tri-State Billy Graham Crusade. I was on the committee that ran the crusade, and our youth minister was vice-chairman of the youth committee. One of our preachers was director of counseling, a first in crusade history. While we were crucified by area churches, my congregation stood behind us. Some of those in the area made me feel guilty about "forsaking the Restoration Movement plea," but through your writings I came to see that I and my church were far more Restoration than those who were criticizing us.

L.D. Campbell, Florence, KY

We have over twenty pastors or elders in this area that meet weekly to pray, enjoy fellowship, and discuss ways we can practically be one as our Lord commanded us. There are two of us from the Church of Christ, and it has been thrilling to me to share truths that our pioneers worked out. Would like to see you face to face this side of eternity. God bless you and Ouida. Have you ever had articles on what our restoration fathers thought of the millennium? I would appreciate reading what you think along these lines. Maybe this will spark something!

— Bob Cannon, Eureka, CA

RESTORATION REVIEW

Leroy Garrett, Editor

April, 1978 Volume 20, No. 4

Where the Scriptures speak, we speak;

Where the Scriptures are silent, we are silent.

The Ancient Order . . .

THEIR CONCERN FOR THE POOR

They only asked us to remember the poor—the very thing I also was eager to do. — Gal. 2:10

In our search for what was really vital in the life of the early believers this is a most revealing statement. Paul, the apostle who was born out of due season, went to Jerusalem—"because of a revelation" as he put it in Gal. 2:2—in order to lay before those "who were of high reputation" among the apostles the gospel that he was preaching to the Gentiles. He wanted to make sure that he was preaching the full gospel, so he was seeking any further light that Peter, James and John might have. Or at least the God who sent him wanted him to have this experience so that he could proclaim the good news with complete confidence.

The apostle explains in Gal. 2:7 that those leaders contributed nothing to the message he proclaimed, for they saw that the gospel he preached to the Gentiles was the same that Peter preached to the Jews. Rather than to offer any criticism they recognized the grace of God in his ministry and consequently offered to him the right hand of fellowship, commending him as a messenger to the Gentiles just as they were to the Jews. They only asked, Paul reports, that he remember the poor, and this he was already eager to do.

This makes it clear that the gospel was not an involved system of doctrine, but a message of good news, made up of facts regarding him whom God had sent to be "light both to the Jewish people and to the Gentiles." When the pillars in Jerusalem saw that this new envoy of Jesus, called to the apostolate in a way different from themselves, was declaring *the message,* they gave him their blessings. They saw that he, like themselves, "had been entrusted with the gospel" and that God's grace had been given to him. They did not check him out on a list of theological interpretations. As men trained in the Jewish faith and further schooled by Jesus himself they had a repertoire of doctrine that they believed and taught, and which was important, but it was only *the gospel*—"the thing preached"—that was the issue between Paul and the pillars. He was given no test on how he stood on the millennium, societies, instrumental music, or speaking in tongues—or even on food sacrificed to idols or circumcision. He could and did preach the gospel quite apart from all these things and hundreds of other matters that make their way into this or that doctrinal creed, both written and unwritten.

They asked him but one thing and that was to remember the poor. While this was a weighty concern both in the teaching of the Jews and with Jesus, this concern of theirs was prompted more by the emergency situation in Judea, with so many Jews in dire circumstance, than from a doctrinal concern as such. It was not that they wanted him to be "sound" on the doctrine of giving to the poor, but that he should remember his poor brethren back in Judea as he moves among the Gentiles, initiating them into the community, urging them to show charity toward their Jewish brethren.

If Paul had rejected this solicitation, insisting that it was not yet time for that

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sort of thing, he would have been no less a gospel preacher. This plea for the poor was no part of the gospel itself, for they were already satisfied that the new apostle was preaching a full and gracious gospel. Paul could have accepted or rejected their suggestion, for it was not part of the message they were all proclaiming. But since their request conformed with his own concern for the poor, he was eager to do it, and we know that the collection of funds that followed this meeting became very important to the apostle.

Once the chief apostles were satisfied with Paul's message—"they contributed nothing to me" he says—they urged but one thing upon him, *a concern for the poor.* This is most revealing, for it shows that next to the proclamation of the gospel itself their most impelling passion was for the poor. It serves as an indictment upon the modern church that does not have its priorities so arranged. While the poor was their chief concern they are often our least concern. Our detailed budgets, now grown fat by our abundance, reflect our concerns, which serve mostly to satisfy "the system" at home. The percentage of our giving that goes to the hard-core poor is embarrassingly, if not unbelievably, low. We look to the government to take care of our charitable responsibilities.

Both the scriptures of the Old Covenant and rabbinic teaching laid the groundwork for the concern for the poor in the teaching of Jesus and in the life of the primitive church. The injunction in Dt. 15:4, "Let there be no poor among you," finds fulfillment in the Jerusalem church, "There was not a needy person among them" (Acts 4:34). Since the poor will always be around, God said through Moses: "Always be open-handed with your brother, and with anyone in your country who is in need and poor." (Dt. 15:11). Included in Job's great apology in Job. 31, the morality of which rivals that of the New Testament, the patriarch says, "Have I been insensible to poor men's needs, or let a widow's eyes grow dim? Or take my share of bread alone, not giving a share to the orphan?" We today not only have not had to suffer as Job did, for neither can we say we have done for the poor what he did. He could even say, "No stranger ever had to sleep outside, my door was always open to the traveller." And when in verse 13 he says he had never infringed on the rights of a slave he holds up a morality not equaled by most of the church of western civilization.

The prophets were especially conscious of the injustices wrought by God's people against the poor. In Isa. 58 God tells the prophet to lift up his voice like a trumpet and declare the people's sins. The sins included quarreling and squabbling, which have not exactly ceased in our time, and "striking the poor man with your fist." The prophet lets them know what pleases God: let the oppressed go free, break every yoke, share your bread with the hungry, shelter the homeless poor. Ezek. 18:7 describes the upright as one who oppresses no one, never steals, and gives his own bread to the hungry and his clothes to the naked.

The prophets were especially incensed over the leaders who would oppress the poor. Micah 3:4 declares that when such ones cry out to the Lord, and they *will* cry out, He will not hear them. Amos 8:4 condemns those who trample on the needy and suppress the poor. He says they tamper with the scales and manipulate the market so as to "buy up the poor with money and the needy for a pair of shoes."

Wisdom literature is replete with references on how those who help the poor will be blessed of the Lord. "The man who is kind to the poor lends to the

Lord," reads Pro. 19:17, while Pro. 14:31 says, "To oppress the poor is to insult his creator." This beatitude is in Pro. 14:21: "Blessed is he who takes pity on the poor." The non-canonical Ecclesiasticus is especially mindful of the poor in such verses as 7:32: "Stretch your hand out also to the poor man, that your blessings may be complete," and 4:5: "Do not avert your eyes from the destitute."

The rabbis also emphasized the importance of caring for the poor, filling their midrashes (interpretations of scripture) with such statements as "A man's hand is to be open wide to the needy not once but a hundred times." They taught that the poor man's *need* is to be met, so the giver is not excused by a mere donation. If he needs bread, then bread should be given; if he needs a horse, then a horse. The rabbis also taught that a wealthy man who has become poor should be supported sufficiently to approximate what he has been used to, including providing him with a slave.

There is surprising sensitivity in some of the rabbinic teaching. If a brother is ashamed to receive charity, then help should be in the form of a loan, which the lender in turn forgets. In commenting on a passage in Deuteronomy one rabbi said, "Thou shalt give *to him,*" noting that the charity should be private, with no one else present. Private charity was so common that a special place was set apart in the temple, known as "the chamber of the silent," where gifts were deposited for the proud souls who could drop by and pick them up in secret. The man from a good family who is ashamed to let his needs be known is to be approached by a caring brother who says something like, "My son, perhaps you need a loan."

The rabbis put God's judgment in all this. One sins when he refuses to help the poor, but especially so when the poor cries out to God against the one who could have helped him and did not. Even the Gentiles were to be given charity, though the Jew had prior claim. In times of an emergency when large numbers were in need, the people were to limit their giving lest the entire populace be reduced to poverty. The rabbis suggested that no family give more than one-fifth of its total worth, but this might be repeated each year. Some of their comments read like the New Testament, such as "To every one who shows mercy to other men, mercy is shown from Heaven; but to him who shows no mercy to other men, no mercy is shown from Heaven."

They had their imposters just as we have ours, people who feign to be in need. The rabbis laid down the rule that anyone who asks for food should be fed, but if he wanted further charity the case should be investigated. They issued a warning to those who would pose as sick, lame, or with dropsy in order to receive alms, pointing out that God may well bring such a calamity upon them for their deception. They had public funds that took care of much of the routine charity. Everyone was urged to work and care for himself, even if the work was repugnant, but charity was available to those who really deserved it. Maimonides, one of the great teachers of Judaism, concluded that the highest degree of charity is to help the one who has begun to fall, and not to wait until his circumstance is serious. Some rabbis stressed personal attention, sympathy and service as more important than merely relieving bodily needs.

This is sufficient to show some of the influences brought to bear on those Jews making up the first Christian church in Jerusalem. When in Acts 6 the Hellenistic Jews complained against the native Hebrews that their widows were being neglected in the daily serving of food,

there was nothing new about the practice referred to—and probably nothing new about the quarreling! The Jews had, besides a public community chest of funds, a daily house-to-house collection of food, *cooked* food, for those who could not provide for themselves, with widows and orphans always having prior claim.

Acts 2:44-45 reveals a sense of community and charity that was not foreign to the best of Judaism: "All those who had believed were together, and had all things in common; and they began selling their property and possessions, and were sharing them with all, as anyone might have need." While this attitude was enriched by their faith in him who was the perfect fulfillment of the law, it was not all that different from what a dutiful community of Jews would do, Christian or not. The selling of property for charitable purposes was, as we have seen, a Jewish practice, but it was not done arbitrarily but to meet an emergency situation. Famine and destitution in Judea had brought serious deprivation to those in Jerusalem, including the believers. As Jews these primitive Christians turned to the practice they had known as Jews (and they would still consider themselves Jews, *believing* Jews), which was to sell from their possessions and give to those in need. We have noticed that the rabbis had advised that such charity be limited to 20% of their holdings, lest an imbalance of charity be self-defeating. We are not to suppose that these early Christians sold *all* their property, put the proceeds into a common fund, and then made equal distribution to all, which would be a radical form of communism. This view is contrary to the Jewish practice with which they were familiar and to the evidence in Acts.

Barnabas in Acts 4:36-37 sells a tract of land and lays the proceeds at the apostles' feet, which served as what the Jews would normally think of as their public community chest. We are not to suppose from this that Barnabas sold his own house out from under him and stripped himself of all wealth, and then in turn drew his share from the common fund. He rather sacrificed a piece of land, as any good Jew might do, and put the price into a common fund for the poor. This is evident from what follows in the case of Ananias and Sapphira, who, like Barnabas, sold a piece of property and placed the proceeds in the fund set up by the apostles. But, unlike Barnabas and the others, they acted deceitfully in that they pretended to give all the proceeds from the sale when in reality they kept back part of the price for themselves.

Peter's statement to them reveals the free nature of their charity: "While you still owned the land, wasn't it yours to keep, and after you had sold it wasn't the money yours to do with as you liked?" Their sin was in lying, not in how little they gave. This makes it clear that these believers did not dispossess themselves of all their wealth by putting it into a common fund, from which they all lived.

This outpouring of liberality reflects the best of Judaism as well as the exemplary life and teaching of Jesus, who, though he was rich, had become poor for their sake, and who had taught them that it is better to give than to receive. Jesus' teaching in Matt. 5:42 could be considered the essence of what the scriptures and the rabbis had taught about charity: "Give to him who asks of you, and do not turn away from him who wants to borrow from you."

The New Covenant scriptures are replete with references on charity toward the poor, which continues the emphasis of the previous scriptures. The Letter of James, which any Jew could have written except for an occasional reference to

Jesus, identifies true religion as that which remembers widows and orphans in their affliction, and it puts down the rich as those who will "weep and howl for your miseries which are coming upon you" for neglecting the poor. Heb. 13:16 shows that God is pleased when we make sacrifices for those in need. And the question in 1 John 3:17 is as sober as any in all the Bible: "Whoever has the world's goods, and beholds his brother in need and closes his heart against him, how does the love of God abide in him?"

This is sufficient evidence to conclude that the primitive Christians, influenced first by their Jewish heritage and then by him who had come to preach the gospel to the poor, had a deep concern for those in need. Are they not our example? Does this not provide a norm—or a pattern, if you like—for us? Is not their concern for the poor, which found expression in rather extreme action, part of the Ancient Order?

This illustrates how the Ancient Order applies to us. While we are not to adopt their exact methods, as one might follow a constitution with its sections and articles that specify every detail, we are to manifest the same passion for the needy. Their methods were drawn largely from their Jewish culture. Ours will necessarily be different, though it is likely that ways of helping the poor will never be very different from age to age, for it is mainly a matter of raising food and making a distribution. Our "meals on wheels" is similar to the Jewish method of distributing food to the needy, and our various funds are not unlike their community chest or "apostles' feet."

The main difference is not in the variety of methods, which do not matter, but in the measure of concern and in the emphasis. We may conclude that the poor was the chief end of their giving. They denied themselves so as to share their substance with the needy. Their money was not spent "at home," as we put it, on elaborate edifices and furnishings, paid staff who served themselves rather than others, or even on missionary programs designed not to minister to the needy but to proselyte for their particular sect.

Are we destined, rich as we are, to "weep and howl" for our neglect of the hungry and destitute of the world? We cannot even cooperate in "Compassion Sunday," when funds are gathered for the world's hungry, because it is a denominational program, and we might somehow be polluted by their false doctrines—while we smugly continue in the "doctrine" of spending most of our money on ourselves.

The case of a Church of Christ near my home will not be exceptional. A look at its budget reveals that most all of their expenditures go for "at home" comforts. Their preacher, who is rather expensive, spends his time preaching to them and doing visiting that they could do themselves. When I told an Episcopalian friend what the minister is paid, he could hardly believe it, commenting that it is more than twice what his priest is paid. But then the Episcopalians are involved in programs of world outreach that includes aid to the poor of the world. I dare say what the Churches of Christ in Texas and Tennessee give to the hungry would not equal what they spend on the utilities for their multi-million dollar structures. And this in a world where thousands die daily in the streets from starvation and where over half of the world's population goes to bed hungry.

If we are serious about the New Testament church being our "pattern," and if we mean business about restoring primitive Christianity, then their concern for the poor and the hungry must become our concern, even to the degree of sacrificing till it hurts. As it is now, the church that moves in this direction is often criticized for going "social gospel." We even have a text for our neglect, Gal. 6:10, which urges us to do good to all men, but especially to those of the household of faith, which means of course Church of Christ folk. And since Church of Christ folk are nearly all rich in comparison to the rest of the world, we have no particular obligation. We have no compassion Sunday and no funds for the distressed of the world. We are secure, shielded from the cry of the starving masses in our expensive "sanctuaries" and entertained by our well-paid clergy. We are unimpressed by the humble Quakers who build modest meeting-houses, do their own work "at home," and send almost all their alms out into our hungry, suffering world.

But still *we* are the New Testament church, just like the Church of Christ in Jerusalem! — *the Editor*

CONCERNING INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

No one should have treated a dog like I treated that dear young brother, but it was inadvertent.

He spoke at our Upper Room assembly (officially the Church of Christ in Denton) and told us of a ministry dear to his heart. Ours is a good group to lay something like that onto, for they are not only sympathetic but usually lend a helping hand financially as well.

I figured he must be a newcomer to "the Lord's church" because of some of his expressions, such as "when I was born again." But the thing that interested me most about him was that he only recently completed three years in one of our schools of preaching. After the assembly we talked our way downstairs and out onto the sidwalk, and soon we were the only ones left. Since I leave home ahead of Ouida to visit a nursing home, she too had gone on home to prepare dinner. The lad had a rather catholic view of the nature of the church and seemed to know what the gospel is, which I thought was really OK after three years in a school of preaching. He had the usual youthful certitudes, but was not really dogmatic, though almost so in his anti-premillennial position. I cautioned him not to be so sure on that subject, for "the other side" has a lot going for it. He admitted he didn't know what to do with "blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." He rather easily admits it when there is something he doesn't know, which impressed me.

When I saw he had nowhere to go for dinner except back to Dallas, I suggested that he come along with me, even if Ouida wasn't expecting anyone. As I watched him through my rearview mirror follow me from the courthouse square where we meet out to our home, it dawned on me that I had never introduced myself to the fellow. That could be a problem for him, I thought, for a lot of graduates of our schools of preaching are warned not to associate with or read anything written by *two* men, and I happen to be one of them. What was I to do, having gone this far without revealing my identity? It was unlikely that the visit could extend through dinner and on into part of the afternoon without any name being given. Besides, he might not want to eat with a heretic, even if it was Ouida's cooking and company. I could have just assumed a *nom de plume* and saved him any possible embarrassment, but I thought that would be carrying good intentions

too far, and besides Ouida would not likely have gone along. It is just possible that he will know nothing of me, I thought, however unlikely that was since I knew some of those who had been teaching him. There was only one manly thing to do. I would have to tell him to "guess who's coming to dinner."

He was hardly inside the house when I quietly asked him if he had ever heard of a man named Leroy Garrett. *Yes,* he said with that same kind of certitude shown back on the sidewalk, *and it was all bad.* When I told him, as unapologetically as I could, that I was Leroy Garrett, Ouida said later that he was visibly shaken. I noticed that he leaned himself against the wall and looked at me incredulously and said, *Really!* He immediately brought to mind an instance or two in which he had been warned against me, once publicly from the pulpit, but *I thought you were up north somewhere.* "That is the *other* one you were warned against that lives up north," I informed him. But he couldn't call his name, some hard name. *Ketcherside?,* I hazarded, only a shot in the dark, of course. *Yeah, that's it, Ketcherside,* he said as he continued studying me, not unlike one would gaze upon a hybrid animal in a zoo, but with his same poised Christian demeanor.

I was all for getting this nice chap off the hook, so I had the task of assuring him that we were delighted to have him, but if for conscience' sake he felt he had to... But once he saw Ouida's specialty, that she "stole" from Galatoire's when we dined in New Orleans several years ago, of shrimp, potatoes and peas, he seemed willing to stretch his scruples, at least for the moment. And few men there are, young or old, who can resist Ouida's hospitality and charm, with or without an accompanying heretic.

We had a beautiful visit with the brother. He *did* come to the Church of Christ from a "denomination," and he was excited about his newly found truths, but he obviously was not buying it all. He believed that Baptists were his brothers, even if they are Baptists, and he did not believe that the Church of Christ is exclusively the Lord's church. He even suggested that he might be happier working with Christian Churches. That was too much for Ouida, so she explained to him that it was for such digressions from the Church of Christ party line that I was a heretic.

It soon became evident that he was enjoying being in forbidden territory. *You really are Leroy Garrett, aren't you?,* he said, noticing my name on a book he took into his hand. *Boy, oh boy, if the fellows could see me now!* By this time there was a bit of the daring in his voice.

He surprised me when he began to argue *for* instrumental music. Like his anti-premil position, he was adamant in his conviction that the instrument could be established as scriptural. He believes our churches would do well to have the instrument. He even went into some of the scriptures, such as Rom. 15:9, where "I will praise you among the Gentiles; I will sing praises to you" which is taken from Psa. 18:49, where the instrument was in common use. He also felt sure that passages in Revelation make it clear that the Church of Christ in heaven is even now using instruments, and if the early church sang "psalms," which they did, they used an instrument with them.

I made only one point: your position illustrates how sincere Christians can and do differ on this matter, so we must allow for the difference and go on and accept each other, having some churches that have the instrument and some that don't. I might have stood my ground and argued the non-instrument position, but not with a graduate of a school of preaching. It was too incongruous!

I asked him if the teachers at his school knew where he stood. Indeed, they did, for he had presented a paper in favor of the instrument for one of his classes, a study that attracted no little attention. The teacher would not turn it back to him in spite of his repeated requests. He was certain the teacher withheld it because he was unable to refute it and did not want it circulating among the students. He is convinced that the Church of Christ leadership is fearful and uncertain in its position on the instrument, and they will not step out and face it honestly.

I asked him if there were others in the school who believed as he did, not just on the instrument but in regard to his general departure from the party line. He assured me that there were a lot of them, "laying low" as he put it.

Now this lad did not come from Abilene or Pepperdine, but from a Church of Christ, true blue, School of Preaching. Three years of it, mind you, and there he was farther removed from the Church of Christ party line than Leroy Garrett. And he is by no means alone, he assured me.

And some of you wonder why some of these party leaders, professors and elders alike, are as upset as they are and do a lot of silly things, such as withdraw from each other and demand all sorts of loyalty tests. A lot of their students and members are pitying them. They simply are not going to buy the old sectarian bromides and party shibboleths, not many of them, not for long.

We are changing, and it is mostly for the good, and praise God for that. But we still have a long way to go, and there is much work yet to be done.

But there is one issue that we should let die right now, and let it be buried once for all, and that is instrumental music. It need not be argued, *pro* or *con,* not in reference to unity and fellowship at least. William James insisted that if an issue is a real issue, it must be living, unavoidable, and momentous. In our ranks the question of the instrument is none of these, while we have scores that are, such as our mission to the poor of the world and our relationship to other Christians.

If an honest young man can be indoctrinated for three long years in one of our most conservative institutions on the sinfulness of instrumental music and end up writing papers and arguing *for* the instrument, then it is unlikely that another hundred years of debating will do any more good in settling the issue than the last hundred years. And the teachers are scared out of their wits when a student starts thinking for himself and questions the old stale arguments. They wouldn't even turn the chap's paper back to him!

So, I humbly plead that we all come down off it—including our eager beaver Christian Church brothers who are out to defend their instrumental cause—and admit it to be the issue it is: *dead, avoidable,* and *trivial.* It must be declared a non-issue for all those who love Jesus and who long for the unity of all our people. Let each congregation decide for itself whether it will be instrumental or a-cappella, charismatic or non-charismatic, cooperative or non-cooperative, Sunday School or non-Sunday School, premil or no, etc., etc. and let us all be the Christian Churches or Churches of Christ together, united in such differences. For these are all opinions and no part of the ancient faith that makes us brothers and sisters together.

And praise God for our schools of preaching! — *the Editor*

Pilgrimage of Joy . . .

LIFE BEGINS AT 40

W. Carl Ketcherside

Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote in his *Journal* in 1847: "We do not live an equal life, but one of contrasts and patchwork, now a little joy, then a sorrow, now a sin, then a generous or brave action." A calendar consists of twelve pages and every four weeks one of them is torn off and wadded up and tossed in the wastebasket. Each of these discarded pages represents a segment of existence, but what has happened to one during its tenure cannot be carelessly discarded seeing that it has been woven into the warp and woof of the pattern of memory by the slamming batten of experience on the loom of life.

Every year that passes accumulates its own assortment of pleasure and pain, of tears and laughter. The ship of life cannot sail for fifty-two weeks in perpetual sunshine. It was that way with 1948 during which I reached my fortieth birthday. The year began as usual with a packed house in Saint Louis on New Year's Eve. It was a time of spiritual enrichment, of the manifestation of a fellowship so precious that when the stroke of midnight signalled the beginning of a new year ushered in with prayer many were reluctant to leave. We clung to one another as a huddle of strangers and pilgrims in a foreign land. The songs we sung were hymns about a home none of us had ever seen, but the tolling of the bells at midnight told us that we were nearer to it than we had ever been before.

In March I went to California for a meeting of three weeks' duration in the new meetinghouse at Compton. I took advantage of the opportunity to speak two nights in Oakland where the saints met in the home of George Robinson, which was surrounded by the campus of the great university. I also spent one night each with the saints in Pomona, Riverside, and West Riverside. I was especially anxious to visit the latter place for several reasons. While there were a few others in the little group of brethren, the majority were members of the Stone and Fiscus families. The latter family had worked its way westward from Indiana, but the Stone family migrated from the Missouri Ozarks. They had purchased a small "ranch" which was well irrigated and all of the married children erected their homes in a small domain over which the aged father and mother exercised a kind of patriarchal sway. It was always a blessing to be associated with them in their kind of isolated splendor. But I was just as eager to meet the little colony of Armenian refugees, a good many of whom I had baptized on a previous visit.

During World War I the Turks, encouraged by the withdrawal of Russian troops from Armenia due to the Bolshevik Revolution, began a reign of terror in Armenia which shocked the world. Whole cities and villages were literally destroyed. The men were murdered, the women raped, and the houses reduced to smoking ruins and heaps of ashes. Before it was all over 800,000 corpses littered the land, most of them shot down or decapitated with the sword, although many perished from hunger and privation. Some of them froze to death in thickets, their bodies becoming food for wild animals.

Those who finally made their way to Riverside, California, had formerly lived in the village of Boethos, near Musa Dagh (the mount of Moses) and when word reached them of the approach of the Turks they fled to the mountains taking with them only what they could

hastily tie into a bundle and carry on their backs. After many days and nights when they held the children close to their bodies to keep them from freezing, their supply of food began to run out and they were forced to become scavengers of the forest, eating bark and roots. When it appeared that all hope was gone and they were composing themselves for death they saw a French ship steaming into the disputed waters and they were rescued. In a frenzy of weeping they threw themselves onto the deck and kissed the planks in gratitude.

For some reason, during my meeting at West Riverside, a number of the Armenians began to attend. Since the older ones could not understand English, those who could asked if I would hold a special meeting with an interpreter for the elderly after the close of the regular meeting each night. Rose Phillian, a devout Christian, stood by my side and interpreted. Soon several of the Armenian families expressed a desire to be baptized, but the greatest joy came when Grandfather and Grandmother Egarian reached the decision. It was these two, now grown old, who had kept the little band together and given them heart when they wanted to take their lives rather than fall into the hands of the Turks.

When the aged patriarch stood before the members of the Armenian colony and their friends, I said to Rose, "Ask him if he truly believes that Jesus is the one of whom the prophets spoke, and God's Son." In reply he faced his neighbors and spoke at some length in Armenian. I was anxious to know what he was saying, and I can remember the words of the translator as if I had heard them this morning. "He say, I believe Jesus Son of God, that born of virgin, that he die on cross for his sin, and that he buried and raised again third day. He also say Jesus is coming again, and he will see him, and Jesus will take him and he will be with Jesus." When I led the aged man into the water the interpreter stood close and told him what I said. I think I have never seen before or since such weeping for joy as when all surged forward to embrace the old brother and his companion.

It was a great experience to see the Armenian saints again and to eat shish kebab made of lamb and other ingredients. They went all out with their cuisine and I ate a lot of things I could neither spell nor describe. The one thing that really interested me was to talk with them about their traditions related to Noah's ark which had landed on a mountain not too far from where they had been born and grew up.

Some interesting things happened at Compton where I baptized twenty persons, one of whom was Robert T. Hartmann. Bob was a reporter for the *Los Angeles Times* who later became head of the *Times* bureau in Rome and finally chief of the Washington Bureau. It was here he became acquainted with Senator Gerald Ford from Michigan and when the latter became president of the United States, Bob became his favorite speechwriter. He married Roberta Sankey with whose parents I was staying in North Long Beach and I came to know him well.

When I baptized him he agreed to become a writer for *Mission Messenger.* His articles were both powerful and provocative. The first one titled "The Essence of Faith" appeared in the issue for May 1948. It was followed by such pieces as "Suffer Little Children" and "Words to Live By." Finally, after eight months of such varied productions it was decided he would do a regular column called "Views of the News." It began in January 1949 with a story of how Sohn Ryang Won, a Korean Christian, adopted into his family the 24-year-old

Communist leader who had slain his two sons. The story went on to tell how Sohn converted the young murderer and his whole family to Christ.

For two years Brother Hartmann furnished an article each month until his promotion and transfer increased his responsibilities. His final article bore the title "Was Peter in Rome?" I got a bang out of his articles. He had not grown up in the background of our party and he wrote what he thought with a kind of fearless disregard for criticism or consequenses. He had a kind of journalistic honesty not too characteristic of a lot of the brethren.

Almost a year before I went to Compton, James Lovell, editor of *West Coast Christian* wrote me that, in spite of our differences he thought I would be glad to see him at one of my meetings. We engaged in a brief period of correspondence and discussed some areas of divergency. Neither of us conceded an inch, but it was all in good humor. There was no way of making him angry. When I arrived in Southern California I called him and invited him to visit my meeting and he countered by asking me to a top-level conference at Pepperdine College. I invited J.B. Ruth, one of the elders, to accompany me. When we arrived at the Administration Building we met with Hugh Tiner, the president; Ralph Wilburn of the Bible Department; Wade Ruby of the English Department; Dean Pullias and Jimmie Lovell.

In spite of the criticism I had leveled at the school and its policies, our meeting was conducted with proper decorum. I think George Pepperdine would have approved of the nature of our confrontation. We were reared in the same partisan background and I knew him when he went to Denver from Parsons, Kansas, where I preached for several years with members of his family always in the audience.

I suggested that, in the interest of better relationships, Brother Lovell print three articles in his paper presenting my point of view, while I would present the same number of articles written by one of the faculty members in *Mission Messenger*. It was agreed this would be a good thing but it never came to pass. Instead, a shake-up occurred, and before too long the president, dean and head of the Bible Department were all gone. Ralph G. Wilburn, who was probably the only real theologian in the group, in the classical sense, went with the Disciples of Christ, where he began teaching at Lexington Theological Seminary. He was selected as a member of the Panel of Scholars which contributed to the restructure program of the Disciples, and gravitated to the Department of Higher Education in Chapman College at Orange, California.

On September 5, 1948, I began a series of meetings in Windsor, Ontario, Canada, which lasted for two weeks. It was an especially pleasurable experience since most of the members were from Scotland and England and I had visited their home congregations abroad. There were two elders—Adam Bruce from the Slamannan District of Scotland, and William Horrocks from Albert Street congregation in Wigan, England. I stayed with the latter and it was an unforgettable experience. My work opened up a period of endeavors which lasted over a period of several years and resulted in some unique experiences as well as in some outstanding friendships.

One day before I went to Canada I was visited in Saint Louis by the three principal instructors of Midwestern School of Evangelism, located in Ottumwa, Iowa. Donald G. Hunt, Burton W. Barber and James McMorrow drove all the way to deliver to me a personal challenge to debate Burton Barber on the subject of instrumental music at the school. I felt no particular inclination to take time out from a busy life for such a discussion but they were insistent. Hershel Ottwell accompanied me to Ottumwa, and we debated at the school on the nights of October 11, 12, 13. On the final night, after the discussion ended, the five of us met in an upper room and prayed that God would overcome our differences and use even our mistakes to His glory. The debate had been serious and pointed, but without a single untoward incident or expression of partisan hostility.

Tragedy struck for us shortly afterwards. Nell's father and mother were returning from an evening meeting at Fredericktown, Missouri, when their automobile was hit by a man who was intoxicated. Her mother was thrown from the car by the impact and her body dragged along until the car turned over. She was taken to the hospital at Bonne Terre where the skill of the physicians and surgeons saved her and started her on the long, slow road to recovery. On the afternoon of December 13 she was in good spirits when a well-meaning nurse massaged her arm because of soreness. A blood clot was loosened and found its way to the heart. In a few minutes she was gone.

I was at Carrollton, Misouri, in a meeting, when Nell called and relayed to me the sad news. As soon as I finished the meeting that night I started home. On the third day following I conducted the service of memorial before a large audience. My "second mother" was beloved by hundreds. Nell's father was mayor of the city, to which he was elected for several terms, and the family had earned the respect of the whole community. But it came home to me then what a difference there is in a home when the wife and mother is gone. The Christmas season which had always been one of joy and brightness became a kind of weary experience through which we stumbled with our eyes more often filled with tears than with stars.

In the year that was hastening to a close Brother Zerr had completed the second volume of his commentary which we published. Because we had not disposed of enough of the first one to pay for the second, the cumulative effect of the costs became too much and it appeared that we might have to delay work on the third volume until the other two were paid for. Fortunately for the Cause, F.R. Bailey of Chillicothe, Missouri agreed to guarantee the cost of production to the printers so we could proceed on schedule. Eventually we brought out three thousand sets containing six books each, a total of 18,000 volumes, at a cost of about $35,000, not including packaging and postal charges. We sold all of the books.

It was during this year my book *A Clean Church* was published. I had been thinking about it by day and dreaming about it by night until one afternoon I could no longer stifle the urge to write. I sat down at the dining-table and started. I wrote all afternoon, all night, and until almost noon the next day, driven by an inner compulsion which would not allow me to stop. I was afraid that if I slept the fountain might be turned off and not flow again. When I arose from my chair I could hardly walk, but before me lay a stack of pages representing a complete book. I do not recall making any changes when I typed it up. I learned that brain children are like physical children. They must be conceived before they are brought to the delivery room, but once the time has come, they will be born. I suspect that having the first child is most difficult. I never again wrote another

major book as I did that one.

In 1948 we also began an outreach program. Brother Leonard Bilyeu opened up his lovely home in the Florissant Valley for a weekly study of the Word. In three months 55 different persons representing all varieties of religious thought had participated. Encouraged by this I secured the conference room of the public library at Kirkwood and launched a study which was surprisingly well attended. I was not alone in this endeavor, for many brethren, old and young, were catching the vision that the post-war world was seeking for a spiritual foundation. As the year drew to a close I wrote, "The quickest way to lose your life is to try and hold it; the best way to gain your life is to lose it for Jesus' sake."

DOWN HOME

My next book is in the process of being published. It is due from the printer on May 1. It will be different from any other volume I have written. The title will be *Adventure in Faith.* The thesis of the book is that man has been made for adventure. He is creative and concerned. He dreams and fantasizes. If he is thwarted and his wings are clipped by circumstances, he becomes less than a man. He must be reaching out to "the regions beyond." The worst part about modern life is that it seems all to have been lived. There are no new mountains to climb, no other jungles to survey. Even the moon has footprints on its surface and a flag planted in its dust.

But there is an unexplored frontier in each of us. It is the realm of the spirit. The book will deal with the adventure of relationship with Jesus, with the Holy Spirit and with our fellows as children from another planet who are strangers and pilgrims on earth. The purpose of the volume is to give meaning to life, to lift us out of the doldrums, to rid us from the Sargasso Sea of frustration. It is expected that the book will be the size of *The Twisted Scriptures.* We hope to hold the price at $3.25 which will include postage. We think it will be the kind of gift you will like to send to those who are about to "throw in the towel" to Satan!

We have less than 100 copies left of *One in Christ.* This contains the last year of Mission Messenger. It is clothbound and has a dust jacket which contains a picture of Nell and myself. We will mail one free to any college student in the world upon request. Others may secure a copy, while they last, for $3.50 . . . The *College of the Bible* which I conducted at Escondido, California was a genuine success. Brethren from all segments of the restoration heritage attended and participated. The open forums were especially meaningful. I am scheduled to return for another session in January, 1980, if the Lord wills . . . I was the speaker at the Senior Week of Inspiration at Kentucky Christian College, January 25-27. We were hard hit with the worst blizzard in many decades, but enthusiasm was undimmed and it is possible the storm brought us all closer together. . . It is apparent that many from the United States will take their vacation and attend the camp near Macrorie, Saskatchewan, where Knofel Staton and I will be teaching. The camp starts July 28, and information may be obtained by writing to Elgin Banting, Box 147, Macrorie, Saskatchewan, Canada. . . Nell and I will celebrate our fiftieth wedding anniversary, Saturday, June 24, if God wills. Our oldest grandchild, Dawn Burton, will be married the same day, and I will be able to preside at the wedding. We eagerly solicit your prayers for all of us!. . . Teddie Renollet and myself are teaming up to conduct meetings at Fenton, Missouri, April 30 - May 5, and Bonne Terre, Missouri, June 4-9. *—W. Carl Ketcherside, 139 Signal Hill Drive, Saint Louis, Missouri 63121*

A system of fixed concepts is contrary to natural law. It prevents life from flowing. It blocks the passage of the universal law.

Dillaway

Travel Letter . . .

FROM TENNESSEE TO ABILENE

The gracious hospitality of Prof. Norman and Ella Rae Parks enabled me to share with a house church in Murfreesboro, Tennessee on a Sunday evening after addressing our Upper Room congregation here in Denton that morning. That put me with free and happy brethren in both Texas and Tennessee on the same day. Our incredible modes of transportation made part of that possible, and our incredible change as a people in recent years made the other part possible. At the Murfreesboro gathering were folk educated in Tennessee's most orthodox Church of Christ institutions who were nonetheless turned on to broader views of unity and fellowship.

The visit to the Nashville area enabled me to spend some needed time in research at the Disciples of Christ Historical Society. My purpose was to check on materials not available in my own library and at nearby TCU on our Movement's history, and of course the DCHS is the richest source of such data in the world. I have a rather impossible goal set for myself: to make sure there is no important document or book written by or about our Movement that I do not know about. So I go from stack to stack, checking every book and pamphlet in the lineup. My most interesting find on this trip was a book entitled *Christian Union,* by one Abraham Van Dyck, published in New York in 1835. Mr. Van Dyck was a lawyer who apparently knew nothing of the budding Stone-Campbell Movement and was in no way influenced by it, but who nonetheless had a passion for the unity of all believers and wrote things that were strikingly similar to what our early leaders said. Considering that men can be influenced by the same Book and be engrossed in solving the same problem, this is not so unusual.

But I fell in love with Abraham Van Dyck, who died the year his book on unity was published, and I look forward to meeting him when He who sits upon the throne makes all things new. Some anonymous writer included a few pages in the book on Van Dyke's life as a member of the bar and as a humble servant of Jesus. He is described as a Calvinist but no church affiliation was mentioned, only that he was "a Bible Christian" and an avid student of the word. He lived and died in Coxsackie, N.Y., and he "delighted in prayer, had a child-like simplicity, looked to the Spirit to aid him in study."

He began his book, which he subtitled *An Argument for the Abolition of Sects,* by saying, "The divisions in the church of Christ have long been to me, as they have been to many of the friends of religion, the cause of much anxious solicitude." He said he looked to the time when people could associate with each other on

the ground of moral worth rather than theological distinction. He talked like the Campbells when he spoke of love as the only bond of union. One would suppose he was influenced by the *Declaration and Address* in two principles he set forth, "God has constituted the church one and indivisible" and "The division of the church into sects is a violation of its constitutional unity." And he certainly sounded like our folk when he said, "This vital principle was deeply engraved on the minds of the primitive Christians, no such thing being known as the separating of the one body of believers from another on the ground of differences in matters of opinion or on points of practice."

Doesn't that blow your mind, a small-town lawyer with a passion for the unity of believers, publishing a book on his own in which he challenges the denominations "to return to where the apostles left off," taking it upon himself, if but single-handed, to do something about the divided church? Far back in 1835 he was trying to start his own unity movement. His story bears witness to what history tells us now and again: there were always those here and there who tried to do something for the unity of the church. But ours is the first *movement* within the church for that purpose, where a religious group made this concern its plea.

All of our people owe a debt to the DCHS and to Charles Spencer who is especially responsible for giving it birth nearly 40 years ago. Beginning at a Disciples college, it was established in Nashville so that it could better serve all our people, and its constitution states that it is to serve impartially the Christian Churches and Churches of Christ as well as Disciples of Christ, though the latter provide 90% of its support. Church of Christ folk use it the most! Roland Huff is the president; David McWhirter is the director; Kitty Huff is director of research. They are a great team, wonderfully in love with our Lord and our history.

A highlight of my stay in Nashville was a visit with Charles Spencer and his dear wife. When he retired from the DCHS after a lifetime of service, he knew virtually every title among the thousands of books and pamphlets and could go directly to whatever item he wanted without consulting the card catalogue. He knows more about our historical resources than any person living, and this knowledge is born of love for our Lord, our people, and our history. He told me a sweet, intimate story that I will not here reveal, but it had to do with the Lord answering his prayer after he had promised that he would devote his life to the preservation of our great history.

The important thing about our meeting, however, was the idea that surfaced in our conversation (I am not sure which of us first suggested it) that we should have a sesquicentennial celebration in 1981 in honor of the union of the Stone and Campbell movements in Lexington back in 1831. I have already mentioned this idea twice publicly, and to numerous people privately and by letter, and everyone thinks it is a great idea. I plan to visit some leading Disciple educators in Lexington soon and will lay it on them. Plans for such a gathering of all our people in Lexington three years from now would give us a great opportunity to discover the significance of what then happened and what it means to us.

I flew from Nashville to Knoxville to serve as the visiting Homecoming speaker at Johnson Bible College, where I gave addresses on the power of preaching and the power of love. In the first I called for turbulence in the pulpit and in the second I pointed to the loving forbearance that preserves unity, the Spirit's gift to the church. As impressed as I am

with President David Eubanks and his wife Margaret, the faculty, and a notable alumni that already has its niche in our history over the past three quarters of a century, it is the present crop of students that wins first prize. Many of them have an eagerness both to learn and to serve. We all lose when our partyism hinders our youth in Church of Christ and Christian Church schools from having more contact with each other.

I was home less than a day when Ouida joined me for a drive out to Abilene where I was to speak at the Southwest Park Christian Church, and, hopefully, to look in on the Abilene Christian University Lectureship, which my series overlapped by one day. When even a Texan starts driving *west* in his native state, he is reminded of its vast barrenness. When one leaves Fort Worth, which is "where the west begins," he encounters a sign that reads *El Paso 530 miles.* If he entered the state at Texarkana coming from the east, he has already driven a day before reaching Fort Worth, and now he has over 500 miles more of the state, most of which is little more than far-reaching nothingness. We can understand why "foreigners" get discouraged in their efforts to pass us by. In Abilene we stayed at the Royal Inn, which is at the very edge of the *west* side of Abilene, next door to all this barrenness. One morning a large tumbleweed, so typical of the Plains, came tumbling right through the grounds of the motel, out of nowhere. That hardly happens anywhere else in the world. Ouida doesn't like west Texas (too windy) and it is about to rub off on me, one committed to *all* of Texas, which is quite a commitment. We are east Texans, and when we venture very far to the west it seems as if we are in a different state.

Abilene must, however, remain an exception, for almost certainly it is here that the millennium will first appear, if indeed there is to be a millennium. There is a larger percentage of Church of Christ people living in this city of 100,000 than any other city in the world, but being in Texas, where the Baptists are the state church, it is still a Baptist town. Just under 50% profess to be Baptists, 17% Church of Christ, and 12% Methodists. The Church of Christ folk gather into 27 churches, though not all are in the same fellowship; there are two Disciples of Christ churches, one being among the largest in the city; and one small Christian Church. There is a Methodist college and a Baptist university, but the Church of Christ university is larger and perhaps richer than both of them put together. Baptists aside, we feel with some justification that Abilene is ours. But a brother who carries the mail told me he now delivers more copies of the *Baptist Standard* even on the Hill, where ACU and family reside, than of the *Firm Foundation.* It only shows that our folk and the Baptists make good neighbors. Abilene still belongs to the Church of Christ!

What is significant about Abilene insofar as the Church of Christ world is concerned, apart from ACU itself, is that the churches are far more liberal than those almost anywhere else. If Nashville (or perhaps Dallas) is our Jerusalem, then Abilene is our Antioch. It is common knowledge that when a Church of Christ family moves from Abilene to almost anywhere else, it undergoes something of a shock in adjusting itself once more to the old-line Church of Christ mentality. California would be an exception. Go west, young man, go west!

The lectureship is a phenomenon, attracting upwards of 10,000 from year to year, depending on the weather, which more often than not is bad. Many, if not most, attend, not so much for the

lectures, but to see and be seen, to visit, and to find out what's going on. A large tent is erected, which is half as long as a city block, that houses displays both commercial and promotional. The tent is the nearest thing we have to a convention center, and it is the place to see everybody. A sign urges the visitors to attend the lectures and to do their visiting *between* lectures! In one stroll around the tent I saw Jimmie Lovell, Joe Malone, John Banister, Hulen Jackson, Ron Durham, Ralph Sweet, Norvell and Helen Young, LeMoine Lewis, Everett Ferguson, names widely known among our people, and a score or more of delightful brethren who are known more locally.

But the tent convulsed like a giant monster taking in air, and one had the feeling it might take off anytime, with a fierce cold wind blowing in under it, the side curtains having little effect. The several tall poles holding up the canvas would rise and fall like sledge hammers, sometimes going two or three feet into the air. Things began to fall, one object striking a visitor in the forehead, leaving him bloody and dizzy. Ouida wanted to go home, but I felt that we were surely safe with all those preachers around, especially the ones from Dallas.

Jimmy Lovell, our dear editor friend from California, was pleased to meet Ouida. He readily agreed with us that "the church" is much more than what we call "The Church of Christ" and that we need a more open view of unity and fellowship. He said that our leadership is "afraid to be honest," while graciously conceding that that does not mean they are deliberately dishonest. He said he thought that Reuel Lemmons, editor of *Firm Foundation,* is about the only one that has the courage to speak out against our sectarianism.

We heard Reuel in a dinner meeting, and he did speak out against the "vicious asp-like [I think he said *asp*-like, not *ass*-like] poison" that further divides our people. Such are "congealed in a sectarian rut" and they "feed on buzzard meat." He said such talk of being "the only loyal church" nauseated him, and he called on us to displace hate with love and suspicion with trust. It is our task to unite the Body, and he insisted that our standard is "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus." Four times he said *Jesus,* not doctrine. He is our standard in uniting the Body. He extolled our Restoration heritage referring to it as "a diamond in the pages of history." But he wants a new look, new directions.

Perhaps it is my own dullness, but whether in his editorials or his public comments I find something important missing in Reuel's pronouncements. I never hear a *Such as.* "We are to unite the Body," he says. Does this mean that we are to accept the 130 Churches of Christ that are premillennial and that we have been sectarian in refusing them fellowship? Are we wrong in making instrumental music a test of fellowship and thus rejecting our two million brothers and sisters in the Christian Churches? Were we wrong in kicking Pat and Shirley Boone out of the church because of their position on glossalalia—and a lot of others like them? I get the impression that the ones that are "congealed in a sectarian rut" and that "feed on buzzard's meat" are not the folk that frequent the ACU campus and write for the *Firm Foundation,* but the church's far right wing, Editor Ira Rice in particular. A person does not *really* speak plainly until he comes up with a "This is what I mean." Those in Reuel's audience would not apply his condemnation of sectarianism to themselves, but to the dissidents in the church that are calling Abilene and the like "liberals" and "false teachers."

What amazes Ouida in all this is how many really believe what Carl Ketcherside and I are urging upon our people, but will not speak up. Those in the mission school at Abilene tell how the missionaries in the field enjoy a beautiful fellowship with Christian Church folk, but they clam up when they return to the states. Students tell us what their profs, who have to be careful about what they say, really believe. Elders tell us what certain preachers would like to say if they were freer. We kept hearing, *They don't want to lose their jobs.*

You would think that if they really believe that Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus is our answer, a job wouldn't make all that much difference. Or popularity. Or acceptance. Or a place on the lectureship circuit. "Afraid to be honest," says our beloved California prophet. What kind of discipleship is that?

We met some beautiful people at the little Christian Church, and we had several visitors from the Church of Christ, including a number of sharp and committed students from ACU. The preacher, Paul Tabor, young and able, is a credit to us all. The Bryant-Shank ministry, whose mission is to convert denominational preachers, is after him, seeking to "reach" him for the Church of Christ. They have offered to fly him to Nashville and assure him that they have a job waiting for him, if he will leave the Christian Church and join the true church. When I met with Marvin Bryant and his elders in Dallas, I was told that I should repent for making that charge, for they never offer anybody a job. Well, here's another case of it. I wonder if it is this kind of partyism that nauseates Reuel Lemmons.

But Abilene is beyond that kind of stuff. Christian Church fellows come from afar for schooling there and are fully accepted, even to receiving financial aid, and they report that no lines at all are drawn on them and no effort to "convert" them. And my "preaching for a Christian Church" wasn't all that far out in Abilene, for a professor at ACU had done the same at the same place not long since, and they played the organ!

We'll make it yet—with Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus putting it together for us—even if we are scared to be honest.

— *the Editor*

OFFICE NOTES

The Child's Story Bible by Catherine Vos has been constantly improved over the past 40 years and has been a family favorite all that time. It has recently been revised by the daughter of the original author and is available in handsome limp cover for 9.95, a good price for its substance. Norman Vincent Peale hailed it as "The best summary of the Bible in story form available anywhere." Though expertly written in a child's language it even includes some of the latest archaeological finds. There are many illustrations, including 50 colorful paintings. Suitable for children from three to thirteen. Price includes postage.

If you do not yet have Carl Ketcherside's *The Death of the Custodian* at 3.25 and his *Talks to Jews and Non-Jews* at 5.25, you had better let us send them to you, for such books have a way of going out of print rather soon. *The Way It Was in Bible Times* is again in stock. It tells about everything from bread and sandals to Pharisees and Essenes, with scores of illustrations. It not only tells you what a winepress was, it gives you a drawing of one. 3.25 in colorful soft cover.